

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "De Automatic"

(feat. Fat Joe)

Some fear de 'matic  
Ah hah hah, heh heh heh, EHHH  
Check it out

Some fear de 'matic, yes de automatic  
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it  
De automatic, get de automatic  
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Crazy MC's waste they time chasin millions  
While KRS-One, holds the minds of the children  
I'm buildin a followin of a hundred and forty-four thousand  
Chosen few heads up in project housin  
A true rapper, street rapper, rappin to the center  
I enter any cipher, with tales of adventure  
If rappers are ridin beats like cars, I'm bendin mad fenders  
Put down your mic and surrender  
Youse a pretender, Blastmaster KRS rules the pavement  
Kickin Edutainment while you wait for your arraignment  
Save it friend before your chest I cave it in  
I got my way again, I'm classical like a fuckin Harley Davidson  
How do you think I kick a lyrical style no and you figure  
It's simple, I'm a rap God, and youse a nigga  
Don't mean I'm bigger, it simply means I'm smarter  
For starters, I come at you poetically harder

De automatic, get de automatic  
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it  
De automatic, get de automatic  
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Ha hah, fake ass rapper, how you think you got juice?  
When you rock a pair of panties underneath your bubblegoose  
(Word) KRS-One will fuck up parties dramatically  
My reflex'll slap a wack rapper automatically  
When you was home witcha mother, afraid of the dark  
I was sleepin out in Prospect Park  
Eatin one meal every 48 hours  
Writin dope rhyme styles that you now devour  
Don't you realize, that I'm all about survival  
I got only friends cause I KILLED all my rivals  
Show up at the rhyme recitals, took they titles  
From eighty-six to ninety-six completes my first cycle

De automatic, get de automatic  
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it  
De automatic, get de automatic  
Tonight a rapper gwan die

I spent 40 days, and 40 nights in the wilderness  
I'm hard, from head to toe yo there ain't no killin this  
I wrote over 100 rap hooks  
and sociological books, while you worried about your looks  
Now you wanna enter the dragon in sound  
But I've got the live club show locked down  
Platinum and gold don't hold in my arena  
You gots to keep it real on the mic, when they see ya  
I manifest, in the West the East and overseas  
The vision in rap is wack, and I don't know of these  
I represent New York to be specific  
The South Bronx, but in Japan I'm still gifted  
I grab a jet and land on your set, what the fuck?  
Twenty bucks for a rap show is still, twenty bucks  
I start from eighty-six, and bring you into ninety-six  
No gimmicks, tricks or lip-sync lyrics

De automatic, get de automatic  
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it  
De automatic, get de automatic  
Tonight a rapper gwan die

*[Fat Joe]*

Yeah yeah it's the God Fat Joe  
Representin the motherfuckin South Bronx  
With my nigga Kris, knockin off frauds  
Motherfuckers wanna do what?  
Big shout out to my nigga Kenny Parker  
Ill Will, BDP crew for life nigga  
Naughty Gotto, the Big French productions  
Of course the TAT crew, my nigga Brim  
The T.S. crew, and the whole Godsville  
South Bronx represent nigga, uhh

The South Bronx, the South South Bronx  
South Bronx, the South South Bronx  
Yeah! Uhh!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker